UNITY

FREEDOM FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918)

Editors

John Haynes Holmes Francis Neilson

Wells on War

By JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

The Manners and Morals of the Movies

By WILLIAM RUPERT HOLLOWAY

President Harding and Philippine Freedom

By J. T. SUNDERLAND

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXXVII THURSDAY, MARCH 24, 1921 NUMBER 4

DEATH.

I am the key that parts the gates of Fame;
I am the cloak that covers cowering Shame;
I am the final goal of every race;
I am the storm-tossed spirit's resting-place.

The messenger of sure and swift relief,
Welcomed with wailings and reproachful grief,
The friend of those that have no friend but me,
I break all chains, and set all captives free.

I am the cloud that, when Earth's day is done,
An instant veils an unextinguished sun;
I am the brooding hush that follows strife,
The waking from a dream that Man calls—Life!

Florence Earle Coates.

Easter comes again! Easter with its perennial message of hope and cheer anew! Never in human history, we believe, have men been able to know so fully as they do today the sensations which clustered in the hearts of that little group of stricken souls who looked upon the cross which bore the broken body of the Nazarene. We also see our hopes defeated, our vision of "peace on earth, goodwill to men" swallowed up in the black darkness of a crucifixion. Militarism is today triumphant on a universal scale, as it was triumphant in that little corner of Palestine when the legionaries cast dice for the garments of the dead Messiah. To think of that scene of ribaldry and gambling at Golgotha, is to think inevitably of Paris two years ago when humanity was stripped and murdered to make an Allied holiday. That was a dreadful hour—and more dreadful hours still have followed! But the third year, like the third day, is at hand, and who knows but what now as then it will bring us *resurrection!* Shall not humanity rise from the tomb of hate and fear in which it has been bound? Shall not the angels of our better nature proclaim that we are not dead, but living? The story of the riven tomb is of course historically a legend. But it is likewise a symbol of man's unconquerable faith. No one can face Easter day without assurance that life, not death, is king.

Alas, the poor editor! Here comes a letter from the Dean of a theological seminary, complaining that we criticize the church too much, and offer no program of reform. "I wish UNITY would let up on scolding," he writes, "and give us a program." *A program!!* Think of asking for a program, "something constructive," when for two solid years we have been presenting in these columns, in every conceivable form of description and interpretation, the program of the community church movement! We have talked about this program so much, and urged it so strenuously, that several of our readers have taken pains to remind us that UNITY is not a party organ, and should not devote so much of its limited space to this one idea. That these readers speak not wholly without reason is demonstrated by the fact that in a period of a year and a half (from October, 1919, to March, 1921) we published no less than seventeen (17) articles, sermons and editorials, varying in length from one to three pages, devoted to an interpretation of constructive church reform along the line of community organization. And yet it is coolly demanded, "Give us a program!" The trouble with our correspondent, the Dean, of course, is not that we have not presented a program. In the case of the church, as of everything else that we have criticized, we have said emphatically what we would substitute for what we do not like. The trouble is that we have not presented a program which has won the Dean's approval! Our program of the community church, the most constructive idea in the religious field today does not please him. Therefore he refuses to see it; or, if he sees it, to admit that it *is* a program. All of which reminds us of the farmer who looked upon a giraffe, and not liking the architecture of the animal, exclaimed: "Pshaw! There ain't no such creature!"

The opening of the Harding administration seems to be signalized by an amazing recrudescence of the spirit of militarism. The Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Denby, had not been in office forty-eight hours before he proclaimed in a public speech that this country should have a navy as big as any other nation in the world. A few days later, the Secretary of War, Mr. Weeks, plainly feeling himself "cribbed, cabined and confined" by restrictions laid upon the size of the United States army by existing legislation, called for a consolidation of the Regular Army and the National Guard into "one harmonious, well balanced and effective army," and the organization everywhere of reserves. Then on March 8th came Rear Admiral Huse, Commandant of the Third Naval District, to proclaim that the American navy should be as large as the combined sea forces of *any other two countries!* It is evident enough that we are making rapid progress in this business of armaments. With Germany out of the way, some nation has got to set the pace in the matter of arming to the teeth, and these men are plainly of the opinion that the United

States should be a candidate for the honor. Of course, nobody claims that America wants to attack anybody. Admiral Huse says emphatically that we should have a two-power navy, "not to make war, but to defend peace." But what man who is not an American, could be persuaded to believe this thing? If we arm, we arm as the enemy of mankind, thereby making war a certainty in the future.

We are not among those who are getting excited these days over what is taking place in Europe. The invasion of Germany leaves us absolutely cold, for what is this whole procedure, with its indefinite postponement of peace and infinite complications of new wars and rumors of wars, but a confirmation of everything that the wisest men have said about the Peace Treaty which was written in Paris in 1919. Every line of that treaty was as dangerous as it was iniquitous, providing none of those conditions of enduring peace for which millions of men had heroically sacrificed their lives in the four years of dreadful conflict. Our surprise is not that Europe is today, nearly two years after the signing of the Treaty, in a state of confusion worse confounded than ever before, but that it has actually taken this period of time to precipitate the present crisis. Of course, the Germans are obdurate; but we should be shocked if they were not, just as we would have been shocked if the Belgians had not been obdurate when the German legions went smashing through their territory. The pity is not that the Germans are balking now, but that they did not balk in 1919 and refuse to sign a Treaty which meant ruin not only for themselves but for all the rest of civilized humanity. Incidentally we cannot refrain from commending what is now going on in Europe to the attention of those of our readers who have objected to our denunciatory attitude toward the peace and our pessimistic prophecies of evil things to come. We took this position because we believe in facing the facts, and we may be pardoned for feeling ourselves today abundantly justified for all that we have said.

Had the American clergy taken a vacation from their pulpits for the duration of the war, the moral and spiritual loss to the nation would not have been appreciable.

Such is the remarkable statement of Prof. George A. Coe of the Union Theological Seminary, in a recent article in the *Journal of Religion*. It is a terrific indictment, spoken by one who has authority, and who was never at any time a pacifist. We record it here in humble justification of the position held by UNITY on this subject from the very beginning of the war. We held, and still hold, that the clergy of America betrayed their trust at a moment of supreme opportunity—and here appears Prof. Coe to confirm our judgment!

"The war," he says, "gave the organization which had been granted exclusive right to teach the religion of Jesus, a chance to vindicate itself, but the ministers had nothing definite to offer. . . . By far the most of the clergy listened to the popular clamor and re-echoed it."

This last statement gives basis for an even more damning indictment than the one which Prof. Coe has offered. For must it not be said that, had the American clergy taken a vacation during the war, there would have been not merely no "moral and spiritual loss," but an actual gain, to the nation? The voices of certain men, not difficult to name, would at least have been stilled for a season, and we find it not easy to estimate the spiritual gain which would have been achieved through such a silence. The church as a whole lamentably failed in this great crisis because it gave the world no leadership in terms of idealism. Or, if it attempted leadership at all, it was in the direction of betrayal of the word and spirit of the Nazarene. The church made of its pulpit a huge sounding-board for the frenzied shoutings of the mob. Such action proved that religion was dead within it.

In a little town in California with a population of 1,800 people, there are thirteen churches and twelve resident ministers. Another town in the same state with a population of 50,000, has fifty different denominations represented among its churches. In a Pennsylvania village of 450 people, there are six churches; in a New England village of 150 inhabitants, the same number of churches. In another eastern township, eighteen churches minister to a population of about a thousand. These are some of the facts cited in Professor Durant Drake's new book, "Shall We Stand By the Church," in evidence of the scandalous denominational divisions which are now ravaging the religious world in America. "The needless multiplication of churches," in cities and towns alike, is doing more perhaps to discredit organized Christianity and drive people away from attendance upon its worship and support of its work, than any one thing that can be mentioned. People in this age simply will not tolerate a competition which means nothing in the world but the bigoted perpetuation of theological controversies which are as dead as the shin bones of a medieval saint. If the churches are to survive, they must get together; and we know of no basis of union save that of the one community in which they stand.

Multiplication of churches is not the only, or basic, evil of denominationalism. Back of this phenomenon is the fundamental fact of disproportionate distribution of church facilities. Communities which are overchurched, are to be matched by other communities which are underchurched. Thus in Colorado in 1911, there were one hundred and thirty-three villages which had no Protestant churches; over a hun-

dred of them having no church of any sort. The Interchurch survey in 1919 showed that

> In one eastern state within a radius of six miles there are thirty-six town or country churches, and immediately to the side of this area there are two well-populated townships, . . . in which there is only one church, no resident minister, and over eleven hundred young people absolutely out of reach of any church. In the west, in one whole county of 22,000 inhabitants, only half that number are within the range of church ministration, and only one-tenth of these are actually reached by the church. Areas, even as large as 1,000 square miles, containing hundreds of people, are churchless.

Under present conditions it may not be an unmitigated evil for a community to be relieved of churches and their futile theological squabbles. But if we believe in religion, we must regard it as a calamity that vast areas of American life should be outside its influences. The community and its needs, as the basis of church organization, is the one way out!

Sometimes when we get discouraged over the prospects of liberalism, and wonder if reaction is not going to win out at last, we recapture courage by recalling one simple fact—that it is the new which alone is interesting! Reaction is doomed because it is dull, if for no other and better reason. The most stupid papers in the world are the conservative papers. An orthodox church, or a stand-pat club, is the one place where you can be sure of being bored to the verge of extinction. A forum inevitably "runs to radical talk," as its critics aver, simply because the radicals or near-radicals are the only men who are interesting enough to hold the attention of a popular audience. It is life, after all, that we want, and must have; life in its very essence is change, advance, progress, evolution of the old into the new. Therefore to those who seek reform hold the future in their hands. Each new generation belongs to them. They can interest, enthuse, thrill, stir the blood. Theirs is the challenge of adventure, the irresistible appeal of romance. Tennyson's Ulysses, with his cry

> 'Tis not too late to seek a newer world,

and his high resolve

> To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield,

tells the whole story of man's insistent passion to leave familiar shores and sail unchartered seas. It is foolish, therefore, to despair, however powerful may seem to be the forces of reaction. Their power is a specious power. Every hour that passes makes them more uninteresting, their appeal an ever more dull and deadly thing. Men cannot long endure the suffocation of such an atmosphere. Revolution, after all, must be partly explained as the grim refusal of a people to be bored to death.

Wells On War

Nothing can be more interesting, in the study of that most interesting of all recent publications, Mr. H. G. Wells's "The Outline of History," than to take some one particular topic of importance and find out what Mr. Wells has to say about it, as it appears under different circumstances in different ages of the past. Some topics are conspicuous by their neglect, as for example woman, music, literature. Other topics, some of them most unexpected, are given an amazing amount of attention, as for example printing, religion, and Robert Owen. We know of no topic, however, which is treated with greater adequacy or consistency, and produces more impressive conclusions, than that of war. Furthermore, this subject is of surpassing interest at the present moment, when it is bulking larger on the horizon of man's life than at any previous period of human history. Mr. Wells was prompted to write his "Outline" by the shocking experience of seeing the latest and noblest of civilizations shaken to its foundations by the cataclysm of universal war. He started his work while the fury of armed conflict was still raging across the narrow waters of the English Channel. He carried his work through in the passionate conviction that a race was on "between education and catastrophe"; and in the hope that his book might further the cause of education, and thus help to deliver mankind from ruin. What Mr. Wells, therefore, has to say about war, is of prime importance and interest. It comes nearer to the real heart of his great work than any other single topic listed in his elaborate index. Why not follow it through, and see what he has to say?

The very first mention of war, which occurs on page 171 of the first volume, constitutes one of the most significant passages in the entire work. Speaking of the development of tribal life, with the first appearance of property and social institutions, Mr. Wells says:

> Man was now living in clans and tribal communities. These clans and communities clashed; they took each others' grazing land, they sought to rob each other; there began a new thing in human life, *war*.

The genesis of war, as thus described, is very different from what has been presented to us from time immemorial in the conventional histories of conventional historians. We have always been given to understand in the past, that war began as some kind of a splendid combat between heroes. It was mixed up with God or the gods, was an expression of noble motives, of sacrifice and courage, and involved high destinies of larger liberty and fuller life for men. The Bible narratives, the Homeric poems, the early battles against the Indians in America, all seemed to bear out this impression of heroism and glory. But Wells will have nothing to do with such a preposterous idea. War had its beginning, he says, in nothing more splendid than a struggle between thieves for booty. Its origins are greed, lust, jealousy, selfishness—the passion for possession and power. And what it was in the beginning, we may add, it has remained to the very end, which is today! Mr. Wells's discussion of the problem of the Great War, for ex-

ample, can only be understood in the light of this initial explanation of what war really is when viewed thus in the light of its origin.

In his later treatment of war in the "Outline," Mr. Wells seems to emphasize, or at any rate makes plain, to our satisfaction, three points:

(1) In the first place, war is to be regarded, in its relation to the general current of historical development, as a nuisance. To Mr. Wells it is a constant source not of enlightenment but of aggravation. When he has to discuss battles and sieges, conquerors, military campaigns and bloodshed generally, he finds it difficult to avoid a tone of petulant resentment. For these wars are to him simply so many interruptions to the main thesis of his discourse. They are things that insist upon getting in the way, cluttering up the main highway of progress, and thus hopelessly interfering with destiny. Hitherto war has been regarded almost universally as one of the decisive forces in the evolution of the race. Again and again we have been taught to believe, as in the late struggle against Germany, that the whole fate of civilization waited upon the outcome of a battle or a campaign. But Mr. Wells is unwilling to grant any such august recognition to what we have learned to call "the arbitrament of arms." War, from his point of view, has never settled anything. It has never exerted any determining influence upon human affairs. It has filled the pages of history with noise, confusion, terror, some splendor and much infamy. But from the standpoint of actual results, it has been comparatively insignificant. It is a kind of "sound and fury signifying nothing."

Two illustrations of Mr. Wells's attitude in this matter are particularly interesting. One is his treatment of the famous battles of the past and the present. Many historians, as we know, have made the whole story of mankind turn upon the outcome of certain so-called decisive battles. E. S. Creasy's well-known book, entitled "Fifteen Decisive Battles," is the most familiar example of this method of telling the story of humanity. Creasy accepts Hallam's judgment that "a contrary event" in certain of the great armed conflicts of the past, "would have essentially varied the drama of the world in all its subsequent scenes"; and he enumerates fifteen battles, beginning with Marathon and ending with Waterloo, which he regards as "decisive" in this sense. How different is Wells's viewpoint in this matter, is indicated by the striking fact that no less than five of Creasy's "decisive battles" are not even mentioned by name in the "Outline"! They are not thought important enough even to be listed in the index. There are other events so much more significant at the time that Wells is forced to treat these battles as though they had never been fought at all. And yet we have no doubt that, in all of these combats, men died in the firm conviction that their sacrifice was necessary to save the race.

Another illustration of Wells's contempt for war, is his treatment of the great conquerors of history, such as Alexander the Great, Julius Cæsar, Charlemagne, and Napoleon Bonaparte. The author of the "Outline" simply refuses to take these shining figures seriously. He ridicules their claims to greatness —denies outright the validity of the historical judgments which have ranked them so high in the scale of achievement. Alexander was "in many ways gifted beyond any man of his time," but he was "vain, suspicious and passionate," and his career was an extravagant debauch devoid of rhyme or reason. Cæsar was "an elderly sensualist or sentimentalist, rather than a ruler of men." Of Charlemagne it is declared that "as in the case of Alexander the Great and Julius Cæsar, posterity has enormously exaggerated his memory." As for Napoleon, he was "an adventurer and wrecker"—at the best, a mere "interruption" of the orderly and progressive movement of human affairs. These conquerors, and all like them, were simply men to be gotten rid of. They are the perfect embodiment and demonstration of the waste, futility and utter inconsequence of war.

(2) But war, according to Mr. Wells, is not merely a thing of insignificance. How fortunate if it were! It is also a thing of evil. War is a nuisance not merely in the sense that it gets in the way of the essential factors of social evolution, but also in the sense that, like a pestilence, it is accompanied by all manner of disastrous ills. Mr. Wells cannot speak of a war without making mention of the calamities which attend its advent. Just to run through the "Outline" and jot down his comments on the various wars which come to his attention, is to discover with what abhorrence, as well as aggravation, he regards the whole wretched business.

"Wars," he says, "that were unmeaning catastrophes, swept down upon any little gleam of prosperity or decency to which this or that community had clambered"; again, "it (the Peloponnesian War) wasted all the power of Greece"; again, "Great beginnings of a new civilization were wrecked by these disorders"; still again, this was "the most disastrous and wasteful series of wars that has ever darkened the history of mankind." He speaks in one place of "the want and disorganization that follow naturally and necessarily upon all great wars"; he refers to "the wasting disease of the Second Punic War"; he describes a certain empire as "exhausted by the long war." As for the Great War, Wells sees only horror in its outcome.

"The world," he says, "was like a man which has had some vital surgical operation very roughly performed, and who is not yet sure whether he can now go on living, or whether he has not been so profoundly shocked and injured that he will presently fall down and die."

There is something more, and worse, therefore, to war than mere inconsequence. It is insignificant in the sense that it is not on the fields of battle that the great issues of human destiny are decided. But it is mightily significant in the sense that war introduces into the life of society all manner of ills which sap vitality, and may in the end bring actual dissolution. It is not enough, therefore, to classify it as a nuisance merely. War must be ranked, along with pestilences(famines and earthquakes, as a vast calamity. It is a phenomenon to be not only deplored, but feared and straightway removed.

(3) But does not war bring its compensations? Its ills are terrible, of course; but are there not attendant goods, primarily the exhaltation of human qualities of sacrifice and devotion, which tend to make it something less than a total loss to men? So most historians argue—but not so Mr. Wells! He finds no virtue in this monstrous thing. Of all the wars which appear in his long narrative, only two seem to stir within him any enthusiasm. These are the American and the French Revolutions, both of which, significantly enough, are primarily great social upheavals, and only incidentally and accidentally wars at all! It is evident that Mr. Wells has little sympathy with the idea of war as a cleanser, a moralizer, a quickener of the spirit. He has neither the sentimentality nor the piety necessary to fool himself into believing that the world makes up for what it loses physically in the death of the slain, by what it gains spiritually in the regeneration of the slayer. War, as presented in the "Outline" at least, is a transaction which has an abundance of liabilities, and no assets. Its evils are real, its goods imaginary. These goods, in the last analysis, are only the arbitrary creation of a vast process of self-deception which man uses to deodorize a horror which he could not otherwise endure. They are the shining garments deliberately manufactured, as Richard Le Gallienne has told us, to hide this "hideous grinning thing."

Till good men love the thing they loathe.

It is not difficult to define, from the pages of "The Outline of History," what Mr. Wells thinks war to be. War, to his mind, is very plainly to be understood as *the enormously expensive luxury of indulging, to no good end, the latent brutish passions of greed, lust and hate.* Mr. Wells reveals, as by a lightning flash, his whole attitude toward this problem when he says, of one of the Carthaginian Wars, "the red eye of the ancestral ape had come back into the world."

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

There are now between twenty-one and twenty-two thousand Indian children of school age without any provision having been made for their education.

THE PULPIT

The Manners and Morals of the Movies

Forum Lecture by Rev. Wm. Rupert Holloway
Bloomington, Ill., March 15, 1921

Mr. Rupert Holloway was the Forum lecturer Sunday at the Unitarian Church, and gave a critical analysis of the movies, revealing both their strength and their weakness. He said he was more interested in the "manners" of the moving pictures than in their "morals" for the reason that if you took care of the manners the morals would look after themselves.

Some of the main points of his illuminating lecture were as follows, though no quotation can do justice to the balance and proportion of the lecture as a whole. It was a witty, scientific acting performance, and kept the rapt attention of the audience from the beginning to the end.—*The Daily Bulletin, Bloomington, Ill.*

The federal income tax returns for the year ending June 30, 1920, enable us to compute that over three-quarters of a billion dollars passed through the hands of the movie-man in a single year, through the box office receipts. Of this amount, it is estimated that eighty-six million went to the producers.

The United States controls the bulk of the trade. Nine-tenths of the film shown in Great Britain is made in California and New Jersey. It is an industry in the hands of a few, a very specialized group of persons in whose hands the film trade is concentrated.

It is a fact of strange omen that the chief amusement of one hundred millions (considering America alone) depends, for its standards, for its genius, for its development—depends on the vagaries of a few people who, so far as we know, are not trained in any canons of art or moral criteria, but are devoted to one end—the end of money-making. The question immediately arises in the mind of any intelligent observer, whether democracy can trust the industry which—more than all other industries—is a public utility, to the dictatorial and ignorant methods of this profiteering group.

One is filled with dismay when it becomes apparent that the chief weapon, the chief tool that democracy possesses for raising its standards of artistic taste, is this tool which is wielded by a few people whose sole aim is dividends. It is analogous to putting dynamite in the hands of a child.

The producers contend that they are desirous of elevating the taste of the public. But, say these gentlemen, we must also supply the demand for popular stories. "We would rather produce inspiring pictures, but the public demands 'popular' themes."

What will the public answer to this claim. Why does any person go to a moving picture theater. What need, impulse, craving of human nature does it satisfy. Does the movie as it exists today, with its so-called popular themes, give the average man and woman what he or she demands in the way of art or the way of amusement.

The answer, if we judge by the box-office receipts, is that the public is getting exactly what it deserves, if not what it asks for. The movie producers frankly admit that a drama with a sex plot will produce at least three times more profit than a "safe" drama.

Photoplay, one of the leading movie magazines, says that the movie as at present displayed is a "colossal new servant of humanity." They all resent the statements of educators and sociologists and police court

judges and juvenile court workers, that "the movies as at present conducted are among the most potent agents in producing crime and immorality."

It is easy both to overestimate the evil that the movies may do, and to overestimate the good that may accrue from them.

The best way to estimate the value of movie art is to consider the meaning of art. The correct way to interpret their value or lack of value as educational agencies is to consider the meaning of education. Judged by standards of art and education, the movie has been a colossal failure.

True art gives us a simplification of life. Our ordinary human existence is chaotic, our world is a medley. The artist turns his reflective eye upon our world (as the philosopher and the scientist do in their respective fields, as the religious man does in his field) and simplifies life for us. Art is not the whole of life, it stresses some particular aspect of life.

Art gives us then the illusion of completeness. The artistic story gives a chain of incidents which have both a beginning and an end. We like stories, whether on the screen or in a book, for that reason. It simplifies life for us, by reflecting upon some aspect of it.

In the second place, we want to see our own emotions reflected. We want to see other people experiencing what is in our own hearts. We want to understand life, and to appreciate it, by seeing other folks in situations in which we might ourselves act.

Further, all story-art appeals to us because it is activity. We like to see things moving swiftly towards some goal. In the medley and chaos of the world we want to see life moving to some end.

The question then is whether the movie satisfies these fundamental needs of ours, whether it is true to the function of art, whether, as Tolstoy said, it conveys to us great emotions, and clarifies our lives so that we can understand them better.

Of course, it may be argued that the sole use and meaning of the movies is to give us amusement, to enable us to forget our everyday lives, or to give us something that rests our jaded nerves. Let that be admitted, and we would have to ask whether the movie does invigorate us, whether it gives us the rest we need. Or, on the other hand, is the movie only dope, opium, or cocaine, to drug us for a time.

It is when we analyze the effect of the movies that we reach our conclusions about them. We have to judge them by all-round tests as to their effect upon our emotions, upon our tastes, and upon our lives in general. If our analysis shows that they pervert us in some way, or create in us inferior standards of life, then we shall have some ground for criticizing the contention of the producers that the movie, as now shown, serves humanity, and is a "colossal new servant of humanity."

The question, whether the movie is immoral, may well take a second place in our estimation of its general effects. The criticism of the artist is that if art is immoral it is so not merely when it stimulates our sexual proclivities, and exalts sex to an undue prominence in our lives, but when it gives us false views of life, and deals with themes that are bizarre and far-fetched. In short, that art is immoral which ignores our fundamental human interests, in favor of some romantic episode that has no meaning for ordinary human existence.

Is a book true? Or is a play true? Does not mean that its episodes happened in every day life. Is a book bad? Or a play bad? Does not mean that it deals with sex as its main motive. Immoral art is that which seizes upon our emotions and degrades the standards we have laboriously built up through centuries of human effort. Immoral art is that which conveys wrong teaching about life, regardless of whether that teaching is in tune with the whims and capricious ideas of ignorant people, who are not cultivated enough to analyze the current notions of life.

The vicious plays and books are those that lie about life—those that deal with it romantically (meaning by "romantically" the strange and distant and bizarre); the moral book and the moral play are those that show the values in our every day life, that bring to light what is beautiful and true about our common lives.

That is why it is hard to put art under the control of censors. It has been the experience of all artists that censorship becomes too rigid, and is as a rule crass and ignorant. The average man has a very low standard of judgment in art, and, moreover, he cannot tell a vicious work from a truthful work. He thinks with the mass, conventionally, and every piece of art that does not conform to the standards of the street he labels vicious. Hence it has happened that plays like Shaw's "Showing-up of Blanco Posnet," and books like Cabell's "Jurgen," have been refused free currency, while comedies like "Up in Mabel's Room" and "Twin Beds" are advertised from every boarding.

The Aristotelian criterion of drama—that it should inspire in us the emotions of pity and terror, thus purifying us and making us human, burning up the dross of our minds—should be applied to the movie. Does the movie as now shown make us more human, does it exalt our emotion until the great mood prevails in our lives, or on the other hand, does the movie stultify us, give us erroneous views about existence, and put on the throne the gods of bestiality and lust and convention.

Beauty is holy, says the artist. Beauty is that element in our lives which is born of insight into the values of our relationships one with another. But the movie—as a rule—has no use for these fundamental moods, no use for what enables us to understand each other better. Instead, the picture play finds a place only for what is unusual and incredible, and the majority of its themes are those dealing with crooks, with romantic love, with cowboys and train-robbers. Even the title reveals the depths to which it has fallen.

Analyzing the standards of most picture plays, we are forced to conclude that they are corrupting the minds of their patrons. So insidiously is this done that a play such as "Straight Is the Way," which purports to illustrate a teaching of Jesus, can convey as its net effect that honesty is dependent upon circumstances, that crime is normal, and at times beautiful, and that law is arbitrary.

The fundamental objection to the movie as at present shown is not that it deals with sex themes, but that it deals with life in such a crass and unartistic way that the worse becomes the better. It treats life as a thing of whim and caprice. Its supreme vindication of everything is "a happy ending."

It may be, that in the course of time the movie will develop until it can treat of the fundamental things of life, the fundamental needs of democracy, in a vital

and worth-while way. At present these themes are conspicuous by their absence. The basic motive of drama, which is the re-action of character to incident, or of the human being to his environment, is now treated in such a meager, unartistic manner as to make the great dramatists turn in their graves. While the humor of the movies would make a cat laugh, but could not possibly make a sane human being smile.

So far, the movie producers have maltreated the great books and dramas of the ages, and one can only hope that they will keep their hands off the few that they have not yet been able to "screen." Their screening up to now has consisted in separating the chaff from the wheat, and using the chaff.

I am more concerned with the effect of movies upon children than upon adults. The child's standards are not fixed. Every picture, every impression conveyed to it helps in the forming of its criteria. Any child can read a picture—it gets from that picture, not any specious moral that it would take a god to discover in the modern movie, but solely the impression of life that the pictures convey. Jane Addams once had a survey made of movie teaching, and concluded that its main aim and intention was to show precisely the opposite of that mode of life which religious teachers were trying to inculcate. The extraordinary cult of the "revolver," the use of force to gain one's ends, the low estimate of honor such as is revealed by even the hero's predilection for eavesdropping—all this cannot do anything but lower the morals of children.

A child enters into life through the gate of suggestion. It copies the manners and practices of its adult world. It imitates in order to find out what life means. What kind of life is portrayed in the movies? How will an immature child react to it? We can see what actually happens by noticing the recent crop of child criminals. The movies give children the nefarious idea that certain practices are current in high society. They see vice and crime clothed in the garments of opulence, and housed in beauty and munificence. They learn to have sympathy for the wrong things.

The educator tries to provide the right kind of stimuli to the child's delicate nervous system. The duty of society towards its children is to provide the right kind of opportunity so that the children will express the higher social aspects of their nature. Human nature is not ready-made. It is continually in the making. The movies are engaged in the business of providing stimuli. But it is a grave question whether bedroom scenes, harems, lingerie and the rest of the paraphernalia of the modern movie, will do anything but stimulate our biological equipment in the lowest terms. There is little hope that the movie in its present modes will humanize us. All the subtle color and tone of sexual allurement are revealed by the screen for the stimulation of the erotic tendencies of children.

The fundamental motive of education today is self-activity. It has been found that, instead of increasing the power of the child mind to enter into life through the building up of imagination, and the reaction of the nervous system to the child's own capacity to make images, instead of that the movie provides ready-made pictures. The child who goes to see "Treasure Island" on the screen loses the advantage of making his own pictures as he reads the book for himself. The danger here is that the movie stultify the imagination and make it dependent upon extraneous agencies. As one educationalist remarked to me, "There is more educational value in a sand-table at which the child can use his own imagination and train his own nervous system, than in all the educational films yet produced."

Finally, the artist would say, summing up the value of the screen, that the deeper qualities of life cannot be adequately conveyed by such a medium. It takes the spoken word to give the real depth of life. It takes the actual physical presence of the human being to give power and potency to drama. The great qualities of the human spirit are subjugated in the movie to make room for a fast moving plot, that is rich in imagery, but desperately poor in human meaning. It may be that, in the future, when the movie art is not so immature, gains can be made in this direction. Some gains have already been made. Yet we shall always depend upon the legitimate stage for the great revelations of the human spirit, or we shall always depend upon the written word.

Censorship alone can do nothing. It may of itself insure that the most vicious pictures shall not be shown, but it cannot do anything to deepen the medium, or to enlarge its vision. Perhaps, however, when the romantic field of gunmen and crooks is closed to the moving picture producers, they will be forced to reflection—the kind of reflection that is now a stranger to them.

Whatever else is true, the movie has come to stay, and it is going to be more and more of a potent influence in the making of life, and the education, artistically and otherwise, of the great mass of human beings. Such a potent influence cannot be left for long in the hands of a small group of financiers and money-makers.

THE COMMON TOUCH.

[Dolls, dolls' furniture, colored bricks and other playthings from the tomb of a little Roman girl of the time of Tiberius have just come into the possession of the Berlin Museum.—*Daily Paper.*]

Little dead maid from the time of Tiberius,
  You have been sleeping so long with your toys;
You must have hushed them with whispers mysterious,
  Bade them be good and not make any noise.
Surely you said at the end of your playtime,
  When you had kissed them and sung them to sleep,
"You must be quiet and wait till the daytime."
  Oh, the long vigil you gave them to keep!

Where are the rooms that once rang with your laughter?
  Where are the stairways that echoed your feet?
Marble and bronze and the sweet cedrine rafter—
  All now are dust with the dust of the street.
But in the darkness where some one had laid them,
  Since they were yours and that place was the best,
Time and his leaguers—who else had betrayed them—
  Shattered an empire but left them at rest.

Down the long road that begins with your story
  We have peered wistfully into the gloom,
Watching the shadows of Rome and her glory,
  Hearing the echoes of triumph and doom;
Yet, with your bricks and your dollies at bedtime,
  You with the games of your brief summer while,
You are the bridge of the living and dead time—
  Clio kneels down to your toys with a smile.

From Punch.

CONTRIBUTED

President Harding and Philippine Freedom

In his last message to Congress (December 7, 1920) President Wilson recommended the granting of full independence to the Filipinos. He said:

> Allow me to call your attention to the fact that the people of the Philippine Islands have succeeded in maintaining a stable government since the last action of the Congress in their behalf, and have thus fulfilled the condition set by the Congress as precedent to a consideration of granting independence to the islands. I respectfully submit that this condition precedent having been fulfilled, it is now our liberty and our duty to keep our promise to the people of those islands, by granting them the independence which they so honorably covet.

What is likely to be the action of Congress? What is the attitude of the new President? I fear the auspices are not propitious.

We are told that Mr. Harding, desiring to act with intelligence, with justice, and without partisanship, has decided to send General Leonard Wood to the Philippines to make a careful investigation of the conditions existing there, and on his return report to Mr. Harding and to Congress so that they may know the real facts. This looks well. It would seem to indicate that the new administration desires to deal justly with the Filipino people, and keep the promise made by the United States to grant them the freedom and independence which is their right and which they so ardently desire.

But let us look a little below the surface? Who is General Wood? He is a military officer of recognized ability, and some years ago he had considerable experience in the Philippines. But he is an imperialist in his principles, and has never shown any sign of willingness for Uncle Sam to let go his iron grip upon the rich islands taken from these same Filipinos when they were fighting for independence more than twenty years ago. In this investigation which he is now to make, is he likely to see with sympathetic or unbiased eyes? There is also another feature of the situation that must not be overlooked. We are informed that the President is sending with General Wood, to aid him in his investigation, Mr. W. Cameron Forbes, a former Governor of the islands. On the face of it this would seem a fitting thing to do. But who is ex-Governor Forbes? Unquestionably he is a man of high character. But is he fitted to make a fair and impartial investigation and report? On the contrary, he is a recognized enemy of the policy of granting independence to the islands, at least within any time that can now be discerned. When I visited the islands seven years ago he had only recently ended his term of governorship and returned to the United States. I found people generally speaking well of him personally. Those Americans who wanted the American government to retain the islands permanently lauded his administration; but the Filipino people felt almost to a man that he was an enemy to their freedom and independence, and were extremely glad that he had gone.

How are we to account for Mr. Harding appointing two such men to investigate conditions in the Philippines? Does it look as if the Filipino people have much to hope for from our new President? Will the information and report which his two commissioners furnish to Congress on their return be likely to be such as will influence that body to keep its promise?

It is evident that the Filipino people are feeling uneasy. This is indicated by the fact that the recent dispatches from Washington, under date of March 14, informed us that the two Resident Filipino Commissioners, Mr. De Veyra and Mr. Gabaldon, had just conferred with President Harding, urging that instructions be given to General Wood to the effect that he is expected to report a definite date for Philippine independence. Does anyone believe that such instructions have been or will be given him; or that either he or Mr. Forbes will recommend any such date?

Governor Harrison, who succeeded Governor Forbes, testifies unequivocally that the Filipino people have established and are carrying on a stable government, thus fulfilling the conditions of the Jones bill. He therefore recommends that independence be granted them without unnecessary delay. Will his recommendation, added to that of President Wilson, sustained as they both are by the powerful array of facts furnished in Mr. Maximo Kelaw's recently published book, "Self-Government in the Philippines," have any influence upon Congress? Or is the sending of General Wood and Mr. Forbes only the diplomatic way, only the way of the politicians, of finding an excuse for breaking a solemn promise made by the American nation to the Filipino people? We shall see.

New York. J. T. SUNDERLAND.

Around South Africa

There are two outstanding means of determining the temperaments and habits of foreign peoples when visiting them. One is by going to their markets—there you see the people as they are without subterfuge, paint or polish. The other is discovered in the methods of transportation or the sort of railway systems they have. To me the most fascinating part of Cape Town was the fish market. As you stand on the beautiful pier at the foot of Adderley Street and look toward land you see in the blue waters beneath you little boats dancing in the vivid sunlight, curious old-fashioned carts submerged to their hubs and pulled by fat little horses out in the quiet sea, beyond is the white, tangled thread of tiny wavelets breaking into bits on the shelving beach. The sands are thronged with men and women bartering fish, among the many fishing boats that are sprawled round them in all directions. Behind is the broad street with shops and houses penetrating into the city toward the background. The background itself consists of the superb Table Mountain and the noble Lion's Head, great masses of rock tinted greenish-blue, towering against a sky of faultless sapphire. Oh! the fish market of Cape Town is a captivating scene of a golden summer's day.

As to the South African railways: The visitor from America must remember that the country is new and that the war has dealt hardly with them. The trains, excepting a few local ones, seem very, very dirty. The narrow gauge and relatively wide carriages combine to make so great an overhang that the lightly constructed vehicles rock and sway like little ships in a nasty sea. But the officials are invariably polite and do the best they can with the means at their disposal. The handsome country platforms at wayside stations put to shame the narrow, little wooden stands that

profess to serve the small country stopping places in the sparsely settled parts of America. However uncomfortable may be the South African waiting rooms, the platforms are generous and broad, made of gravel or concrete, with pretty gardens and well-kept shrubbery planted all about, this being on railways where there is hardly any traffic and where only two or three trains halt each day. The sights in these desert country districts are often funny. The jolly natives swathed in gaily colored blankets curl up and talk and laugh and seem to enjoy themselves infinitely more than do the grim-visaged Europeans who do not permit the negroes to ride in the same carriages with them. As for those blankets—how the natives hate them when the days are warm! How quickly they come off when their wearers get a little distance from the stations and then how comfortable look the smooth, shiney chocolate-colored skins in the quivering heat of summer. Civilization can, in some ways at least, become a cruel tyrant to the simple folk of hill and jungle.

When in Cape Town I visited the leper colony which is on Robben Island, out in the Atlantic, about one hour by steamer from the city wharf. In foreign work I cannot forget these outcasts—my heart goes out in strange pity for them. Few, if any one from the outside visits them—the nature of the disease tends to keep visitors away. In such villages are the sorrowful folk who have been torn from the arms of those who love them and who are necessarily consigned to a fate worse than immediate death. Disfigurement, blindness, distortion, rotting away of their members slowly come upon them, and unless they are treated at the very beginning there is no hope. Robben Island is, I believe, an exceptionally well-conducted institution. Brother Ackerman, the Dutch chaplain, acted as interpreter for the Dutch patients at the service held in connection with the visit. How thirsty are the afflicted the world over to drink of the consolations of the Gospel—they are very good!

After the meeting a man came up and shook hands with me, announcing that although he had no visible signs of leprosy he had been diagnosed as being afflicted with it and that he was unjustly detained on the island. He claimed American citizenship and besought me to intervene on his behalf. Upon further investigation I found that the United States consul had his case in charge. Although his lot was hard there was nothing I could do. The sincerity of his belief as to immunity from the disease seemed beyond dispute. Not infrequently I have met countrymen in distant parts of the world who, often through no direct fault of their own, during their wanderings have fallen into temptations or trials from which they would have been exempted had they remained at home. When young people go abroad they should have, not wander-lust, but a definite object in view and this reinforced with Christian principle. They little appreciate the physical or other dangers that lurk on every hand when they tread foreign soil.

One day near Durban as a friend was conducting me through the matted grass to view a Hindoo temple he exclaimed, "Look out for snakes!" Snakes abound everywhere and occasion many deaths. Some are so exceedingly poisonous as to cause collapse in a few minutes. Wild animals are often hunted not many miles from the larger cities. Of late elephants have been the special objective of sportsmen. The elephants of Africa are not tamable as are those of Asia. Herds of them dwell in the bush not far from some of the newer settlements and engage in wild night forays to the great loss and peace of mind of the white people. Hunting them is a dangerous sport. While the hunter must handle his gun at a great disadvantage in the thick underbrush the enraged elephant will easily rush through it at his human foe.

As one travels through the Union of South Africa one is impressed with the hard problems the new settlers are compelled to solve. Around Johannesburg the gold ore is transported in big Dutch wagons pulled by spans of oxen often made up of twelve or sixteen each. As these ponderous affairs slowly move across the country it looks as if smaller teams could do the work quite as well. It is to the stranger a novel sight to see these oxen lie down by the dutsy roadside to rest awhile. How different from the active motor trucks that whisk about the mining centers of America. Comparatively few people live in simple homes that are equipped with labor-saving gas or electric appliances. Although the delightful climate would seem to make possible the growth of an infinite variety of fruits and vegetables, the English speaking portion of the population generally clings pretty closely to the use of such foods as potatoes, cabbage or turnips to which they had been accustomed in good, old England. Securing money for tremendously needed irrigating schemes is apparently a hard task. During our voyage between Cape Town and Southampton an address one evening by a professor of South Africa revealed a striking illustration of the indignation of conservative people when a scientist endeavors to arouse them to action for their own good. Some of his hearers did not like his statement that the decreasing rainfall and continued widening of the desert area of the southern end of the continent would surely result in depopulation of their land unless extensive systems of irrigation shall be soon inaugurated. This recalls an address of an eminent citizen of the colony wherein he compared their methods of farming and ways of marketing products in South Africa with the practices that obtain in California. My memory went back to the plaint of some citizens of Australia who declared that the money spent by the Empire one day during the Great War would have been sufficient, if applied to irrigation schemes, to have created happy homes for hundreds of thousands of people in that land.

The Union—made up of Cape Colony, Orange Free State, Natal and The Transvaal—is happy in the possession of two capitals 1,000 miles distant from each other. This is said to be a result of the jealousies succeeding the Boer war which time has failed to heal. In the south are the houses of Parliament, surrounded by pretty gardens, in the center of Cape Town. This constitutes the legislative capitol. In the north are the "Union Buildings" consisting of a splendid modern edifice lifted high on a charming hillside overlooking the little city of Pretoria with her 30,000 people. The Africanders have reason to be proud of this noble structure.

In Pretoria the old and new meet. There still stands the little old house in which lived President Kruger of the Dutch Republic who for years stood off the British before they took the country. Now that we

are twenty years away from the Boer war I find that Englishmen and Africanders frankly admit that that struggle originated on both sides from a desire to secure gold and diamonds, and that England would not have spent her taxpayers' money, and the blood of her young men, if those treasures had not existed. The propaganda defaming each other was considered necessary whilst the war was on. So has it been, so will it be, as long as Christians refuse to seriously accept the teachings of the Sermon on the Mount!

A few men directly or indirectly made much fame or money out of the Boer war. Cecil Rhodes was one of them. His talents and noble characteristics cannot be questioned. He was a man who thought and acted in terms of imperialism, who acquired enormous wealth, whose zeal for riches led England into a struggle that saddled a burden on the masses of his countrymen which they have suffered from unto this day. A few miles out of Cape Town is his magnificent estate, Groote Schuur. Soon after completing it he died. Now he sleeps in peace in the arms of a country that became politically torn and gold hungry because of his ambitions. Great visions he had, a real yearning to help some of his fellow-men at times possessed him, but—when the balance is struck was he profited? We dare not judge but we can wonder!

Some sixty miles distant from Cape Town at Wellington is the home of the late world-honored Andrew Murray. He too had visions. How precious to him were the spiritual treasures. How his little devotional books were read and cherished in many lands. How his pen plead for the sweetness of the life that rests in Jesus. We wandered through the rooms where he had held communion with God and looked at the little garden heaped up with the sort of summer flowers he had loved so well. His monument is not a peerless memorial of massive stones, his memory is one of loving service for his fellow men. Hard by is Huguenot College, which Dr. Murray founded long ago. Here over 300 young women and girls, and a few young men, receive their education in the most favorable Christian surroundings. The extended influence from this center is admitted to be of the most exalted character. The meetings I addressed there were made up of earnest young people representing the best of the land. The beginnings of the institution were almost romantic. In some way a pamphlet advertising Mt. Holyoke Seminary (United States) fell into Andrew Murray's hands and he resolved to start a similar school in South Africa. He wrote to America for a teacher. The reply came back that his correspondents in the United States did not wish to send a young woman by herself to such a far-away land but they would send two. "There," exclaimed the indefatigable man of faith, "that is the way the Lord answers our prayers—we asked for one teacher and behold He gives us two!" The Huguenot College with its spacious grounds, its fine buildings, its staff of Christian instructors, is a fitting memorial to Andrew Murray.

WILLIAM C. ALLEN.

More people attend the church on Easter Sunday than on any other, simply because, whether they know it or not, the human heart hungers and thirsts for immortality.

The Wisdom of the Peoples

II. THE PROVERBS OF JAPAN.

If every day were a sunny day who would not wish for rain?

It is generally the wickedest man who knows the nearest path to the shrine.

If a man steals gold he's put in prison; if he steals a land he's made a king.

The stone may hurt the dog but not as much as the hand that threw it.

Love does not recognize the difference between the peasant and the mikado.

Even the lords of hell bow the knee to the fat purse.

The sparrow flying in the rear of the hawk thinks the hawk is fleeing.

The little snake studies the ways of the big serpent.

When a poor man visits his relations they do not hurry to kiss his feet.

Even Fujiyama is without beauty to one who is hungry and cold.

A man with a sour face should not open a shop.

If two men quarrel, even their dogs will have a difference.

The life of a man is like a long journey with a heavy load on the back.

Those who travel on horseback know nothing of the toil of those who travel on foot.

The man who has once been bitten by a snake fears every piece of rope.

The heaviest rains fall on the leaky house.

The wind and the cherry blossoms can never be good friends.

If a man is poor and humble even his own wife and children will despise him; if he is rich and powerful even the folk of far-off countries will heap praises on him.

One doesn't expect to find grass growing in a market-place.

Let a man so act by day that he may lie happily on his mat by night.

To the ant a few drops of rain is a flood.

In the hum of the market there is money, but under the cherry tree there is rest.

There is no ease for the whole mouth when one tooth is aching.

In a widow's house there is no fat mouse.

A lean dog shames his master.

Learning without wisdom is a load of books on a donkey's back.

Where profit is, loss is hidden near by.

Even the hawk and the street-dog have their friends.

One written word is worth a thousand pieces of gold.

If you wish to learn the highest truth you must begin with the alphabet.

If a man be great even his dog will wear a proud look.

The cleverest of lies only lasts a week.

If you must be a dog it's best to be the dog of a samurai.

A man learns little from victory—much from defeat.

A handful of rice is wealth to a starving man.

It's the poor who give alms to the poor.

He who never suffers persecution will never become a Buddha.

One good deed is better than three days of fasting at a shrine.

Even a mountain can be worn away by the tread of many feet.

Metal is tested by fire; men by wine.

Better me proficient in one art than an amateur in a hundred.

He who gives away coals when it is snowing is a noble man—or a fool.

The great man is he who does not lose his child's love. JAMES WALDO FAWCETT.

SELECTED

American Distrust of Our Secret Diplomacy

The timeliness of Mr. Morel's exposure in the January issue of *Foreign Affairs** of the extent to which this reputedly democratically governed country (England) is at the mercy of a few designing statesmen, at any rate in respect of its international relations, has been strikingly attested by the discussion in the *Times* regarding the Anglo-Japanese alliance. The simple facts of the case notoriously are that the United States, having an eye to the possibility of the development of a serious dispute between herself and Japan, and being suspicious as to the extent of the support which the Anglo-Japanese Treaty binds this country to give to her Asiatic ally under such circumstances (as she might well be after the experience of the Secret Treaties concluded by the British government during the war and withheld from American knowledge until the war was over), considers it necessary to make herself supreme on sea.

This, of course, is not to the taste of the British and Japanese imperialists, who very well know that in such a competition in armaments they must eventually be beaten. Consequently, some of their representative men have hastened to assure the world that the Anglo-Japanese Treaty is not only a most innocuous instrument but that, like the Pickwick pen, it is positively "a boon and a blessing to men." Lord Northcliffe was particularly insistent to this effect, and, taking the bull by the horns, roundly challenged Mr. Daniels, the American Naval Secretary, to say against what nation he suggested that the Anglo-Japanese Alliance was directed. This was astute because, manifestly, Mr. Daniels, if only because of his official position and the consequent regard which he had to pay to the niceties of diplomatic etiquette, could not give a categorical reply. His lordship of the *Times* followed up what he believed to be his initial advantage by triumphantly pointing out that the text of the treaty of 1911 was made public sometime ago, and that in its present form the "alliance is unchanged in purpose and substance," and that by article IV of the treaty, inserted for that very purpose, Great Britain is expressly absolved from the "obligation" of coming to the aid of Japan should she become involved in hostilities with the United States. In all this he was warmly backed by Baron Hayashi, the Japanese ambassador to this country, who also expressly stated that "there exists no secret agreement between Japan and Great Britain."

As those who uttered them know, such protestations usually suffice to allay the fears and suspicions of the plain man, the bitter experiences of the past notwithstanding. But as a matter of fact, what are they really worth when it is remembered that owing to the power which the two governments possess of contracting obligations towards each other without any reference whatever to their respective parliaments or peoples, there is no possibility whatever of testing their veracity. For instance, when Lord Northcliffe confidently declares that the *whole* treaty has been made public and that a certain clause of it absolves Great Britain from actively supporting Japan as against America, how does he *know* that that is a fact? Admittedly, as a newspaper king, he wields great influence, but, nevertheless, he is not a member of the Cabinet, and so cannot personally have knowledge of the actual text of the treaty, and may very well have been lied to by those who professod to have taken him into their confidence. Why, are we not now aware that during the years immediately preceding the late war even the Cabinet itself did not know what certain of its members were doing, and when some whisper of their "conversations" with France were at last heard and they were questioned on the subject, they unhesitatingly lied to Parliament. In common with the rest of the world, America knows this, and she likewise knows that she has no guarantee whatever that the successors of Sir Edward Grey, brought up in the same traditions as he was, have not contracted some similar pact or "honorable obligation" in respect of the Japanese alliance which, despite all denials to the contrary, *may* form an additional clause to the treaty, and which, binding the people of this country to stand by Japan under all contingencies, will only be revealed when the crisis actually arises, and when it will be too late to repudiate it—even if a people which cheerfully leaves it to its government to shape its foreign policy has the moral right to repudiate that government's action.

What is the actual situation? During and ever since the late war the government and its backers have unequivocally declared that they are determined to maintain Great Britain's sovereignty of the seas, and no one has more emphatically insisted that naval supremacy is vital to the existence of the British Empire than has Lord Northcliffe in his chief press organ. What proof has America that "Britannia rules the waves" has ceased to be the bedrock foundation of British world policy? The alternatives are these. Either there must be agreement as to limitation, and America makes it plain that such an agreement must leave her the equal of any other sea power. Or "Britannia rules the waves" will continue to be the British policy, in which case America sees that British policy will be directed to making an alliance against her with some other strong naval Power.

Foreign Affairs. —*Major Cyprian Bridge.*

*Reprinted in UNITY of February 10.

DEBTOR.

So long as my spirit still
  Is glad of breath
And lifts its plumes of pride
  In the dark face of death;
While I am curious still
  Of love and fame,
Keeping my heart too high
  For the years to tame,
How can I quarrel with fate
  Since I can see
I am a debtor to life,
  Not life to me?

Flame and Shadow. —*Sara Teasdale.*

THE STUDY TABLE

A Religion for a New Day. By Charles F. Dole. Published by B. W. Huebsch, Inc. New York.

Here is a book with, to paraphrase Mrs. Browning, "every page aflame with God." From its opening chapter to the end it is like some tidal wave ever mounting higher and higher as it unfolds the thought of the writer.

It is a book surcharged with passion and yet passion under restraint. With a calm serenity, that gives the reader a sense of the deep and abiding assurance of the writer in the reality of the power of goodwill, there is the passion for truth and righteousness that carries men into the very holy of holies.

It is not an easy book. It contains no "mollycoddle" gospel. It is a challenge, and a hard one, to the noblest and best in us. It is an appeal to youth, to youth courageous and triumphant, to youth who can dream of a new day and new earth and can surrender every fibre of body and every energy of soul to the realization of his dream.

It is scientific. It rests on the experience of the race. It faces bravely the failures of mankind. The folly of hate, vanity and greed which result in war, with all its consequences, primarily not to the bodies but to the souls of men, is ruthlessly exposed. It cuts to the bone, even as the surgeon does, without malice. Mr. Dole is no mere "calamity howler." He is a great physician with a remedy tested over and over again in the lives of men and women.

The ways of hate, of greed, and selfish power are proven to be impossible. Men are wandering to and fro in a world of darkness. This book of Mr. Dole's holds aloft a flaming torch to light men to the Gate which leads to the Way of Life.

This book is not an argument. It is not a series of essays. It is the revelation of a life. It is the message of one who having gone on ahead, into strange and new countries, returns to testify to his brothers what he has seen and heard.

It is not a book from the cloistered study but from the street and the mart. It is of the earth as well as of the skies. It has the feel of the sorrows and agonies of men. It could not have been written by one who had not entered into his Gethsemane.

Mr. Dole has not flinched before the greatest sin of all ages entrenched as it is in all that is pre-eminently decent and respectable. And yet he approaches the Pharisee with all the tenderness of Lincoln in his rebuke of the slave owner. It is not the Pharisee but Phariseeism that he would exterminate. But he spares no pains to make clear to the self-complacent Pharisee how great is his sin. It is he that blocks the way. It is he that shuts out the light of the new day.

It is the spiritual loss and not the material loss that makes war the great obstacle to human progress. "The war system" is rooted in pride and selfishness. It is leading the world to destruction. It rests on a theory of government by force. It denies the moral worth of men. It classes them "with sticks of dynamite" to obtain its ends. It denies democracy and therefore arrays itself against the whole moral order.

The book culminates in a high appeal for the religion which finds its sanction in the inner life of every man.

This is a book for all men seeking the light. It is like "the shadow of a rock in a weary land" to men and women wandering in darkness and doubt. It is a revelation of the Better Way, which is the Way of "Justice, Peace, Mercy and Love."

Arthur L. Weatherly.

Wanted, a Congregation. Lloyd C. Douglas. Christian Century Press, Chicago.

There are many discouraged ministers. All such should take a spring tonic by reading this keen analysis of the problems of the church. The problem is not to get a superficial audience, attracted by cheap display and artificial practices, but a congregation,—that is, a large number of people united in a great purpose and dependable living, worshipping the God of love. The writer is himself a preacher with a crowded church and he reveals the weaknesses of the church once experienced by himself and gives the simple prescription which now causes his church as a congregation to grow in power. The reading of this book is a stimulus and will cause the reader to arise in his own new strength.

J. M. Artman.

The Song of Life and Other Poems. By Dombey. Published by The Stratford Company, Boston.

Here is a volume which we commend confidently to those readers of Unity who are lovers of poetry. The book is small and unpretentious; the author attempts no sustained or far-flung song. The lyrical note is the prevailing one. But there is an essence here of true feeling and fine vision which is precious. The author is plainly a mystic, touched with the joy and beauty of life, aware of those central sources of being which are divine, and filled with that pure love which is life's dedication. To these realities of experience, the author gives expression in pure, precise and elevated speech. An echo of the Great War is heard in the noble dialogue entitled "After Death In Battle."

H.

THE SONG OF LIFE.

Joy surges high when life is at its spring,
Wild as the rushing of some mountain stream,
That, bursting forth, o'erleaping every barrier,
From dizzy precipice to threatening shoal
Plunges unscathed in care free merriment.
Life seems a great adventure to the soul
But newly come from dreamland, that forgets
What it has been, all it has known before,
And madly revelling, defying pain,
For every pleasure grasps with greedy hand.

Then, when the years advance and hair is gray,
After the bitter tragedies have come,
If in the soul mirth lingers, and all day
A merry song rings clear within the breast—
The potent urge of universal Love
Taps all life's pent-up sources, till at last
Out of youth's heedless joy pure rapture springs,
Swelling forever towards the Eternal Sea;
An echo of that infinite Song of Life,
Whose wellspring is celestial harmony.

The Song of Life and Other Poems. —*Dombey.*

THE FIELD.

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

THE OKLAHOMA CITY COMMUNITY CHURCH.

Oklahoma City is to have a Community Church—a real, live, non-sectarian *Community Church!* And in making this step in the direction of Community Religion and Christian Union, Oklahoma City will be taking her rightful place alongside New York City, Boston, Columbus, Chicago, San Francisco, Buffalo and Philadelphia, as a strictly modern city, up-to-date and progressive in religion, morality and social service, as well as in industry, commerce, labor and politics.

The Community Church will be located on the corner of South Walker and Maple Streets, in the building formerly known as "The Community House," built under the direction of Rev. Dr. Urch, when he was pastor of the Pilgrim Congregational Church, and of late used by the Red Cross as a Community Center and Medical Clinic. But this substantial red brick structure will wear a new name, viz.: The Community Church of Oklahoma City, and its primary reason for existence will be to give to the community in which it is placed a broad and liberal program, including regular Sunday School and Sunday morning and evening services. In other words, it will serve primarily *as a church*—and not as a charity organization, or an old clothes dispensary.

The Community Church will have a regularly ordained minister, the Rev. Charles S. Mundell, in charge of all its regular Sunday School and preaching services. Mr. Mundell, with his wife, Mrs. Margaret L. Mundell, will reside in the Community Church parsonage, 1112 South Walker Street, and their dearest wish will be to *serve*, in any manner possible, the citizens of the community, without regard to creed, class or other social distinctions.

While the primary purpose of the Community Church will be to minister to the *religious* needs of the people, it will carry on other work in connection, such as maintenance of library, gymnasium, moving picture entertainments, parties, playground for the children, etc. We also hope, later on, to start evening study classes in Bible, social service, etc.

The Red Cross will continue to maintain its medical clinic, consultation office, etc., in the same building. The only changes in the program of the Red Cross will be along the lines of improvement and greater efficiency and a larger humanitarian service.

The first principle upon which the Community Church will be built is this: *"Who serves man most, serves God best,"* and we shall regard any kind of essential service to humanity as just as religious and Christian in character as worship, prayer, preaching, etc.

The building in which the Community Church will function is the property of Pilgrim Congregational Church, and the salary of Mr. Mundell will be paid in part by Pilgrim Congregational Church, and in part by the Congregational Home Missionary Society (until such time as the work becomes self-supporting). This does not mean, however, that the Community Church is to be a Congregational Church in any exclusive or sectarian sense. In fact, the very opposite will be true. The work will be *strictly* and without qualification a *non-sectarian* and an *undenominational* work! It will not be a *sectarian* Church under the camouflage of a Community Church! It will be a *Community Church* in every literal sense of the word! It will owe exclusive allegiance *to the community* and not to any denomination! It will not be controlled by, nor dictated to, nor disciplined by, *any* denomination, Congregational or otherwise. It will be a *Community Church!* It is our hope that the time will come when the work itself will be entirely supported by the community, and when that time comes, Community Church will be under no permanent obligation either to Pilgrim Church or to any missionary society, except that these organizations will bid us God speed and good luck!

The Community Church of Oklahoma City will be a *Union* Church, in that it will exclude no one from its membership on account of creed or doctrine or belief! Community Church will have neither creed nor binding confession of faith! Matters of belief and interpretation on every point of Christian doctrine will be left entirely and exclusively *to the individual!* The first principle underlying the organization of Community Church will be *the right of private judgment and interpretation!* Our fellowship will be a fellowship *of the spirit, and not of the letter.* 2 Cor. 3:6. The individual shall determine *for himself* whether or not he is a Christian; whether or not he has been baptized; whether or not he believes in this, or that or the other! No one will be excluded on account of belief or disbelief in any dogma, doctrine or ordinance whatsoever! In other words, the test of fellowship in Community Church will not be, "I believe," but, *"I love!"*

In fact, the very idea of a Community Church is this: If a man is a citizen of the community, he is by that very fact a member of the church! Just as with the public school, the public library, the public forum, so with the community church! To be specific, the Community Church will receive members in the same way and to the same end that a community receives its inhabitants—on the basis of citizenship. As freely as he enters the town meeting and shares in the public business, so freely should he enter the town church and share in the public worship. The Community Church is the community functioning religiously. It is democracy expressing itself in terms of moral and spiritual idealism.

But as in practically every community in the world, in order to vote, and to participate in the elections, it is necessary for the citizen to *register*. So with the Community Church. Every member of this community is a member of this church, if he wishes to acknowledge himself as such, but in order to have a voice and a vote in the practical workings of the Community Church he must register as a member of the church. And that is all that is necessary for anyone to become a full-fledged member of the Community Church—just sign your name and address on our membership book. If you wish to be baptized, the minister will be glad to administer the ordinance, whether by immersion or otherwise. You may likewise have your children christened, or not, as you wish. All such questions are optional; they are not considered essential to Church membership.

Community Church believes that 2 Cor. 3:6 gives the key to the practical solution of the problem of Christian Union; therefore, we invite all who, though they may not agree with us in detail, desire to unite with us in a fellowship that is spiritual and undogmatic. Therefore, we say the Community Church is a *Union Church.*

But a Community Church is *more* than a Union Church, for a Union Church, as a rule, represents merely an agreement by any number of men and women to reduce matters of creed and belief to a minimum, and to unite on a basis of doctrine upon which all can agree. But the Community Church will eliminate the creed entirely, and will welcome to its membership all who desire to worship God, and to serve man, in their own way.

"For God also hath made us able ministers of the New Testament; not of the letter, but of the spirit: for the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life." Our motto is: Unity, Charity and Service.

ADDITIONAL REMARKS.

It is the hope of the minister of the Community Church of Oklahoma City that the institution may in time become a real center for the spread of the Community Church idea throughout the entire South and Southwest. He hopes to begin the publication of a Community Church Bullletin that will circulate largely throughout the States of Oklahoma, Texas, Arkansas and Louisiana.

The minister would be very glad to receive letters from all the readers of UNITY who might be interested in following up the development of the Community Church idea in the South. Send him your name and address, mentioning UNITY, and your name will be placed on the mailing list, to receive from time to time samples of the literature and news of the work being done for progressive religion by the Community Church of Oklahoma City.

Address all communications to Rev. Charles S. Mundell, Community Church of Oklahoma City, South Walker and Maple Streets, Oklahoma City, Okla.

THE NAVY.

Will the big-navy interests, backed now by the new Secretary of the Navy and his chiefs, get away with their half-billion-dollar naval bill in the coming Congress? They will unless the people stop them; for a handful of courageous men in the Senate can't kill the bill as they did in the short session. The outcome will be a huge fleet of dreadnoughts of doubtful value, plus enormous taxes.

In the cities of Japan, business men are today holding disarmament meetings. They are urging their government to cut armament expenses and apply the savings to educational and social improvement. Yukio Ozaki, leader of the movement, recently distributed 7,000 postal cards in Osaka, Kyoto, and Kobe. No less than 2,060 were returned, all but 60 of them favoring his views. If American business men will follow the Japanese example, the people may yet beat the war makers. But meanwhile look out for poison gas.—*American Union Against Militarism.*

"Banish the Gods from the Skies and the Capitalists from the Earth, and make the world safe for Industrial Communism."

COMMUNISM and CHRISTIANISM

Analyzed and Contrasted from the Viewpoint of Darwinism, by Bishop William Montgomery Brown, D.D. The author, an Episcopalian ecclesiastic, has squarely renounced all theology and accepted the Marxian philosophy of economic determinism. "Bishop Brown is the reincarnation of Thomas Paine and his book is the modern Age of Reason." Paper, 204 pages, one copy 25 cents, six copies $1.00, postpaid. Thirtieth thousand now ready. Address

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